THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 7.

Di benefacerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
finxrunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.
HOR.

I HAVE already considered envy, as to the universality of its influence. In this paper I shall endeavour to shew the passion itself, and by discovering the bad consequences of it, discourage every one of my readers from harbouring such a fury in his breast.

Envy is that passion or disposition of the mind, which makes us see the superior qualities of others with uneasiness and discontent. This passion is not a simple but a compound one, in which pride, malice, and desire are inseperable ingredients; together with a false judgment of the mind. Pride as it mixes itself with every bad passion, so does it in a peculiar manner with this. For pride is nothing but the excess of self-love. Our affection to ourselves swells beyond all due limits, and this affection biasing our judgment, we form a higher idea of ourselves than the truth, and this idea flattering us into a false happiness, we are therefore so fond of it that every thing that lessons this idea is very disagreable to us. Now when we clearly see any one lifted up above us either in mental qualifications, or advantages of estate, fame, respect, with many others of the like kind, this naturally tending to sink our opinion of ourselves, is consequently offensive to us, and excites in our minds all the ill nature and malice of pride. And therefore we envy such a person, and hate in him that fullness that upbraids our defects. We seem to take it in disdain that any should mount into a sublimer class of perfection than we have ascended. Our ambition is infinite, and at least we would have every thing we imagine good in the world, tho' at present we are not the owners of it; and whoever shines brighter than we, in natural powers and embellishments we think has part of our estate, and perceive him as an enemy to our ease and tranquillity. An envious man does as it were conceit that he merited before he existed, and that the supreme agent ought to have lavished upon him all the perfections possible to a rational being. Like *Lucifer* he is ready to rebel that he was not created a god, or even exalted higher than the highest. If the sentiments of his soul are not such as these, why do the good qualities of others stir up his resentment? Or are his eyes evil because those of his creator are good? If men believed their beings and capacities sprung from a divine donation, they would gratefully accept of that share which heaven has bestowed upon them, and not un-

reasonably hate those who possess larger powers only because they do so. And therefore this lets us see the intollerable pitch of pride to which the man of envy rises by his own conceit, who is so far from thanking his maker for what he enjoys, that he is angry that he enjoys no more, and instead of admiring the rich endowments of his fellow creatures, is highly offended at their rash impudence in daring to excel him. There is indeed a generous scorn in all men of merit when they see those that are remarkable for nothing but their baseness advanced to offices for which they are altogether unfit, but this is not the pride which enters into the essence of envy, but only a just indignation.

Another thing, which belongs to envy is desire; a sort of coveting to be ourselves the persons we envy; or wishing their minds stript naked of their beauties, and reduced to a worse condition than ours; or else to see them fairly out of the world, so that we may never any more have the temptation to make an odious comparison between them and ourselves, and torture our souls with the sight of our so far falling short.

Envy also necessarily implies ignorance, or a blind precipitance of judgment, which shews itself in these two things: that we think nothing amiable, which we cannot call our own; and that the parts and improvements of others, are a real detriment to us; both of which conclusions are absolutely false. For there are unchangeable charms in goodness which loses not its nature let it be placed in what subject it will; and we must have a prodigious deal of vanity to think we give the value and stamp to it, and not that to us. And suppose one man is as far superior to another, as an angel is to him, yet it is not the nature of greatness to do h but good. Greatness is like sun which darts beams of war and heat to all, but envy contr them till they fire the soul into cret burnings of discontent.

The last thing inseperable from t nature of envy is malice or hatre a certain spite we bear a person, those excellencies which natura are apt to draw and justly deser our esteem and love.

The man whose bosom works wi envy looks upon those of a gre er descent than himself, as his mo tal adversaries; he hates their a complishments only because th are not his own, and bears the sa antipathy to their persons, as a s pent to a man, who shoots out venomous sting most of all at th creature who is the confessed lo of the creation.

Thus I have touched on the co stituent parts of envy; from which together springs that unea ness which is so essential to this p sion. The breast that harbours t hateful vice, is a perfect hell, glo ing with unquenchable fla lashed by furies, and inhabited devils. Envy is a worm wit that never dies, but eats into very substance of the mind: plague unmingled with pleas and one of the most exquisite m eries which are capable of seiz an human spirit. The effects this passion are pernicious, bu shall speak only of three in whic does manifestly discover its We either deny men to have th qualities they are really masters lessen them till they appear inc siderable, or else cause them dwindle into nothing by a co parison with their faults and firmities, which we will be sure make greater and more than th really are. Of each of these I sh

give instances, which may set the matter in a much clearer and fuller light.

If you presume to commend some in the presence of others, they will presently interpret it as a diminution of themselves. For their parts they are as quick-sighted and peircing as others, but could never perceive any of those good qualities upon which you bestow such plentiful encomiums; and at last will roundly and frankly tell you, that in short, there is nothing extraordinary in them, they never were of that temper to give people more than their due, and allow merit where it is not. But all this while they will not bring you so much as one argument, only they are so dull they cannot see. Which may be true enough, because they are resolved couragiously to shut their eyes against the light of those perfections they cannot bear: and while they voluntarily blind themselves are very positive the sun don't shine.

But then again, if some excellencies must be at least granted in the persons which are praised, yet let them alone, and they will make them mean and inconsiderable enough. They have the peculiar felicity to extract away the spirit of a man's reputation, and leave nothing besides a dull tasteless sediment at the bottom.

But lastly, in spite of all their endeavours, the character we applaud shines with a lustre too irresistable to be denied, then they will call up all their infirmities, till like a black cloud they overspread the face of their virtues.

Thus I have given a very imperfect draught of envy. For it is impossible to delineate all its features in their full and native ugliness. Description could never reach the monstrous deformity of this infernal fiend. Not all the poets tho' they have placed a thousand snakes hissing round her head, have made her eyes haggard and rolling, her cheeks deformed and holiow, and her mouth foaming out a deadly venom: tho' they made her tear herself with her own claws, and feed upon her own bowels; yet after all they leave her description imperfect. Envy strikes at the two best things in nature, pefection and happiness, and as it will always find itself excelled in these two respects, so it will for ever find matter for its own misery. It hinders our own progress and improvement in virtue, and tends to damp and hinder every generous action in our fellow creatures, who are sure to have the blast of this passion nip their fame when it begins to blossom into any considerable hopes. The supreme being is too excellent and happy to envy any of his creatures; the angels are perfectly free from the least disposition to it. The brutes contentedly move in their lower sphere of pleasure; only the devils and bad men indulge and cherish this worst of passions. If we love our ease, we must needs hate what is so contrary to it is envy. It not only poisons the reputation of others but our own. The envious are justly detested by all mankind: but above all, envy is a serpent whose stings will never be taken out, but rankle in our breasts throughout the eternity of our existence. T.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE biography of literary men, is generally uninteresting from the few circumstances of importance

which can occur during lives passed in the shade of retirement.

But when literary acquirement is aided by the experience of active scenes, the task of a biographer becomes more easy and familiar; and the reader rests better satisfied with the result.

Andrew Marvell was born at Kingston upon Hull, 15th of November, 1620; and at fifteen years of age, was admitted a student of Trinity College, in Cambridge. His father, Andrew Marvell, was master of a public grammar school at Kingston, and lecturer of the Trinity Church in the year 1624; and lost his life by accident, in 1640, at which time, young Marvell was at College. His rapid genius and enterprising mind, soon after his admission into the university had attracted the notice of the government, and recommended him to their care; but these qualities were joined to a desire of extravagant dissipation, not easily subdued. He was guilty of many imprudences at college, and the Jesuits, whose admiration he had obtained by his shining parts, enveigled him to London, and made him their proselyte. He remained concealed for some time, when accidentally his father met him in a bookseller's shop, and persuaded him to return to his studies. In 1638, he was received on the foundation as a bachelor of arts, and from that period to the death of his father, he pursued his academical avocation with unremitted assiduity. This event, however, as it gave him the use of a small fortune, seemed to create an unfortunate bias in his temper and mind; for from this time he neglected his literary pursuits, committed several excesses, and in the end, he, with 4 others, absented themselves from their exercises. The government of the college now came to a resolve respecting them, "that they shall receive no more the benefit of the college, and shall be out of their places, unless they shew cause to the college to the contrary in three months." It does not appear that Mr. Marvell ever obeyed the suggestion; but was expelled from the University, for "non-residence" in 1642.—It is highly probable he was led to his defection by the artifices of the Jesuits; since in his publications, he retains many implacable sentiments with regard to the college, which were consonant to the Jesuitical doctrine. Soon after his expulsion, he travelled into Holland, France, and Italy, in which excursion, it is supposed he became acquainted with Milton, who was at that time abroad. About this time, he produced his poem of "*Flecknoe*," which gave rise to the celebrated satire of Dryden's, under a similar title. "Flecknoe" contains much humor on Richard Flecknoe, an incorrigible poetaster of that time. His intimacy with Milton, whenever it began, produced a sincere friendship between them. Mr. Marvell was appointed Latin Secretary to Cromwell, under Milton, on their return from the continent, and at Milton's death Marvell, in his "Poem on Paradise Lost," fully expressed his adoration and esteem for his memory.

We have no other account of his life during his travels, than is afforded by his works. While he was at Paris, there arose a whimsical character, who pretended to enter into the knowledge of those he had never seen, and prognosticate their fortunes by their handwriting. Mr. Marvell severely handled this romantic impostor, in a smart poem addressed to him, entitled,

Illustrissimo Viro Domino Lanceloto Josepho de Maniban Grammatamanti

We hear nothing of Mr. Marvell for fifteen years after his return; all that we are certain of is, that he enjoyed a place under the protector, and was not unrewarded; but how long it continued, or what was its value, we have no ground of assertion. We are equally in the dark respecting him, from the death of Cromwell until the parliament in 1660, to which he was returned at this time a member from Hull His correspondence with his constituents, makes an important volume of information; it appears he was chosen to parliament in 1658; but his letters do not commence until 1660. As a member of parliament, Marvell was distinguished for integrity, genius, dignity, and patriotism, during the seductive reign of Charles 2d, and he preserved his station with his honor, with little accidental interruption, for upwards of twenty years. His friends were powerful, and though poor himself, he numbered among them Prince Rupert, the Earl of Devonshire and lord Carlisle; and his virtues were uncorrupted. He vehemently opposed standing armies in time of peace, and the excise laws.

During his parliamentary life, he travelled again to Holland, but was recalled by the voice of his constituents who, in their address to him, mentioned the necessity they should be under of choosing another member in case he did not return. His stay at home, however, was but of short duration; for in three months after, he received and accepted the appointment of Secretary to lord Carlisle, on an embassy to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark. On accepting this office, he took public leave of his fellow townsmen. He held this station for two years, but there were no circumstances respecting it of material importance. After his return until 1674, he continued to represent the town of Hull. His constituents were probably mean in the extreme; for the present which they generally made to their member for his services, was *an annual barrel of beer*; and they once deputed him to make his grace the Duke of Monmouth, a present of duty and respect from the town, which testimony of consideration was *six broad pieces of gold.*

The name of Marvell at length became so hateful to the court party from his unequalled opposition to their measures, that it was dangerous for him to venture abroad. For he not only spoke, but wrote against that party with all the fire of controversy. When Prince Rupert, who was notoriously acting under the advice of Marvell, voted on his side, it was remarked, that he had been to school to his tutor. He was constantly engaged in attacking popery and the state. He had a literary fight with Parker and others; his life was often subjected to many dangers from the personal asperities of his pen, and he was to all intents and purposes the most distinguished controversialist of his day. *(To be continued.)*

THE STAGE.

[Mr. JOHN STYLES, has written "An Essay on the character, immoral and antichristian tendency of the Stage;" and we offer the following abstract from an able review of the work, not only for the correctness of the opinions it maintains, but as an able argument.]

"An attack on the stage is alike hostile to public instruction, to public morality, and to public happi-

ness. The fathers of the Christian Church, by conspiring to suppress the theatres of Greece and Rome, rebarbarised Europe; and condemned the victims of their mischievous tuition to a millenium of ignorance, vassalage, and woe. Experience has no effect on the students of ecclesiastical tradition. Whatever perversities of intolerance have sullied the characters of men, whom they hold sacred, are to be recommended and re-enacted, wherever they can attain an analogous influence. Let us hope they will not again find a public so unanimous, or a magistracy so superstitiously docile, as to realize the freaks of their conscientious insanity. Happily opulence is a natural defence against the vices of asceticism. Until the arts of industry and the commercial intercourse of nations, shall once more be trodden down by plundering armies, in alliance with a factious priesthood, there will remain some hope that an ascendancy may be preserved by the friends of refinement, liberality, and virtue.

"The second chapter of this work enquires into the causes which have contributed to the success of the stage, with a view to prove that civilization advanced *beyond* its zenith occasions this popularity. It is manifest, on the contrary, that the postmeridian degrees of civilization (to preserve the author's metaphor) are less favourable to the popularity of the drama, than the antemeridian degrees. The Athenian drama was a more national interest during the rivalship of Sophocles and Euripides, than under Demetrius Poliorcetes, which was a period of more exquisite refinement, and the noon of Athenian culture. The Roman drama was a more national interest when Ovid and Julius Cæsar assisted in translating Greek tragedies for the theatre of Rome, than under Hadrian and the Antonines, when civilization was far more diffusive. So again in the modern world. The French, who are but an illiterate people, who retain the plasticity and licentiousness of barbarism, and who are not yet wealthy enough to afford an habitual indulgence in several essentials of high civilization, are remarkably attached to the drama. But the Scotch who are more literate, and the English who are more refined, are comparatively negligent of the theatre.

The fact is, that theatres are most eagerly resorted to by the ignorant, the vulgar, and the empty-minded: it is they who improve there. Tragedy is to the illiterate a lecture on history. A Marlborough has to rely on Shakspeare's authority, even in his negociations. Comedy is to the uneducated a school of manners. The arts of behaviour in private life are copied by those who cannot observe them in fashionable society, from the gentleman and lady of the play-house. In proportion, therefore, as a nation is unread, will it love tragedy, and in proportion as it wants access to genteel company, will it love comedy. This is so true pratically, that when a man's mind is stocked, and his manners are formed, he ceases to frequent the theatre. Where reading is universal, where politeness is diffusive, the stage is no longer an important source of instruction: it may still convene the idlers, and provide at a greater expense a more showy and artificial entertainment: but it has ceased to be the remedy for defective education, the academy where grown persons assemble to study proprie-

Young nations, like young persons, are the most attentive to the theatre. To suppress such a school is to bid rudeness be perpetual, and to quench the most amiable of ambitoins.

The third chapter considers the effects of the stage, in order to appreciate its practical utility. The author admits a beneficial effect on literary refinement and taste. He then passes on to other classes of morals. He is not sufficiently aware that the theatre is a succedaneum for neglected education. Tragedy serves instead of a lecture on history; and comedy for a school of living manners. Tragedy has this advantage over history, that, by omitting in the characters it exhibits, those personalities which have no influence on the action celebrated, a more heroic, public-spirited, and generally interesting, delineation of human nature is engraven on the memory; and thus a tendency is generated to imitate the ideal excellence of the poet. Comedy has this advantage over real life, that, by caricaturing the ridiculous, and embellishing the graceful, it provides a more powerfully operating warning and example, than mere observation would have supplied. Tragedy gives the pith and marrow of the past; comedy, the pith and marrow of the present; in the most condensed and most stimulant form. The love of praise is a common propensity; but the art of deserving it will hardly be attained without some frequentation of the theatre. It is there that the sentiments and actions, at which a whole public sympathetically exults, are seen to produce a gush of tears, or a thunder of applause: it is there, that the selfish feelings learn their insignificance, and the generous, their beauty. Ye feel not for others, ye care not for the public, who hold such a discipline indifferent to the evolution of the sublimest virtues.

In cases of collision between personal and general interest, the public wish must be, that any one should sacrifice himself to the rest. Hence the will of multitudes is naturally virtuous and philanthropic: it is only from ignorance of what is for the universal good, that their praise is bestowed on hurtful conduct. A habit of deference for the instinctive sentiment of a playhouse audience is likely to operate beneficially, and to invigorate the good inclinations. Some persons grow up benevolent, who are also recluse; but they will commonly be found to place merit in forwarding the ends of a sect or party, distinct from the common service of mankind. The theatre breaks in on such prejudices, and unfolds to the philanthropist the natural claims of society, the comprehensive sympathies of human nature, the feelings of unsofisticated man.

It is next said that the stage relaxes industry; that it transforms the citizen, the tradesman, and the mechanic, into the man of fashion, the lounger, and the libertine. This is a question of fact. Directly, the stage does not interfere with industry; as it is not open, until the hour of labour is gone by. When toil ends, enjoyment must begin: else the alacrity requisite for the repetition of effort would fail. There is little choice of relaxation. When the necessary meal is dispatched, what is to be done next? The habits of high life and low life, the habits of foreign and of domestic families, will supply few varieties of employ—some sit down to drink, some to play

cards; some get up to dance, some go to the theatre. Drinking, gaming, dancing, or the play; these are the alternatives between which tired industry has to choose its evening recreation. Look at those disciples of intemperance, with purple nose and gouty feet, almost unable now to limp with the train of Comus into the banquet-room; listen to the empty talk, the incessant oaths, the captious ill-humour, the disappointed avarice of the card-player;—think of the tumult of lascivious ardor, which glows panting at every extremity of the frame, during the brisk pulsations and consentaneous whirls of the embracing dancers—recollect that in every country *dancing girls* form the select basis of the prostitute population, and if you have a wife, sisters, daughters, hesitate whether you will often encourage, or indulge so wanton a delight. Come then to the theatre, where you will pass your evening temperately, instructively, morally.

A further charge is that the theatre encourages suicide. It must however be observed that this objection does not apply to comedies, and although tragic poets, when at a loss to terminate the piece, often urge the unsuccessful hero to self-slaughter, few tragedies teach forms of behaviour applicable in common life. Cato kills himself with universal applause; but who else heads a disappointed party in the republic? The modern hero conforms, and takes a place in coalition with his rival. We would in nothing strengthen, or extenuate fact: there are no doubt tragedies, which irradiate the suicide of public characters. The French, who, of all nations are most influenced by the drama, accordingly exhibit more instances of suicide in public life, and fewer instances of suicide in private life, than other countries. Is this a formidable evil? At any rate the objection lies against certain plays, not against the theatre.

As there are some tragedies, which soften down suicide: so there are some comedies, which soften down adultery. Moliere's George Dandin is one: to look no nearer home. In Moliere's time, and in the unrefined nations, it had not yet been discovered in how high a degree domestic happiness, and social order, depend on conjujal fidelity. It was not yet notorious, that a husband will submit to no privations, and will undertake no labor, no hazard, to provide for the children of a wife, whom he has suspected. It was not yet notorious, that filial, as well as parental affection, vanishes, where its object is uncertain, or infamous. The son disdains at home without scruple the frown of a stranger, or the tears of a harlot: the daughter forsakes in their old age the one parent because he is not akin, and the other because she has not a character. It was not yet calculated, how short-lived is the pleasure of gallantry, how long-lived its miserable and irrevocable effect. Beauty lasts but an olympiad; the constancy of a gallant but a summer: and for this summer, were it to be spent in the paradise of Mahomet, without fear and without remorse, it would not be worth while to endanger, far less to fling away, thirty, forty years of mutual confidence and friendship. This, where there are no children. And where there are—mothers, if such there be, who for a moment have meditated to snap these ties asunder, how think you to buy again those endearing charities and

purest pleasures of your nature, that sympathy of family affection, forbidden for ever to the hearth polluted by the adulterer? The degradation of rank, the dissolution of acquaintance, are comparatively feeble considerations. Let the comic poet therefore be called to a severe responsibility, when he seems to dally with the holiest bonds, which hold our hearts together; let the matron rise and quit the play-house with her daughter, if her sacred presence is profaned by coarse ribaldry or systematic licentiousness. Genius can so be taught, that, unless he is the slave of virtue, he must become the out cast of fame; that no works of art endure, but those which advocate the enduring interests of mankind; and that the true road to permanent praise on earth is to merit the favour of a retributive Deity. By the meritorious conspiracy of exemplary characters, by the apt exertion of the social frown, any exceptionable comedies can be cried down, and banished from the stage. They are not numerous, and may be disused unmissed.

"We exhort this writer to reconsider his inconsistent but dangerous arguments. He is for abolishing an institution, which to the young and uneducated is an important teacher of historic event and of living manners; an institution, which powerfully calls forth the important virtues of courage, sense of honor, generosity, love of character, fear of shame, feeling, beneficence, public spirit and philanthropy; which is the foe of hypocrisy, and effeminacy, and asceticism, and intolerance; an instisution, which bestows more hours of glowing delight on the guests of its indiscriminate hospitality, than any other plan of assemblage; an institution, which genius has nursed into celebrity, and which taste has converted into a defence of refinement and morality."

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

MR. GIBBON.

Soon after he became an inhabitant of Lusanne, a lady of beauty and talents made such an impression on the heart of the historian, that he could not resist the impulse of love, and falling on his knees, he declared his passion. The object of his affection heard unmoved his petition, and, in spite of the eloquence of her lover, was deaf to his entreaties. The disappointed demon attempted to rise; he tried in vain; his weighty person, unaccutomed to such a position, was not so easily restored to a proper balance. The lady, fearing that some person might discover her admirer in this awkward situation, forgot her anger, and endeavoured with all her might to raise him from the ground: her strength was unequal to the task; and after several ineffectual struggles, both in the author and the lady, the latter was obliged to ring the bell, and to order her astonsihed servant to raise the prostrate scholar. The story, as might be expected, became public the following morning, and entertained for some days the gossipping circle of this little town.

TRIUMPH OF THE ART OF HAIR-DRESSING OVER PHILOSOPHY.

" Happy the man, alone thrice happy he,
" Who can through gross effects their causes see." COWLEY.

For many years past the hair-dressers have complained of their art not being honoured according to its dignity. Queues are cut off without any ceremony; or a small rat's tail, at the most, is alone suffered to remain: all the rest must be bristles. Even the animating powder is dispensed with; and instead of being indebted to the comb, as formerly, for the captivating lock, we are seen, like cats or flies, with our hands up to our heads whenever we are afraid the bristles are not sufficiently elevated. The flowing wig, at once that boast of the art, and noble ornament of our ancestors, is banished; and we must look back with a melancholy regret to the times when a courtier borrowed the gravity of a judge from his appendage.

These allegations of the honourable fraternity of peruque-makers are certainly well founded. It is now with hair as with our philosophy; each has experienced a discouraging change: once the *former* had much *pudding*, and the latter much bombast; but by degrees every thing has been so cut away from both, as to leave them shapeless masses, without a name. The complainants may, however, console themselves with having some place of refuge, where at least they will not starve amidst the universal desolation that has spread over their trade; but I don't recollect that philosophers have the advantage of any corner of the earth where their systems will be adopted without opposition. Augsburg is the resort for genuine peruque-makers of the old school; where every honest member, who is shocked by the conversion of hair into bristles, will find a retreat from the horrors that have assailed him in this innovating age. Here he will find reverend sirs with monstrous wigs, which display a thousand locks dropping in so many curls; and, more than this, the *friseur*, who in his native place served only mortals, may here aspire to the glory of exercising his art upon deities. The Holy Ghost is the only person of the Trinity who appears at Augsburg unadorned with a curled wig. It is a real luxury to enter any one of the churches here, it matters not which, and behold the Virgin Mary dressed in brocades, with a wig flowing down her shoulders; and in her arms the child Jesus, no less decorated with a well-powdered peruque. Even in the representation of God the Father, the locks fall from his head upon the globe which he holds. In short, no peruque-maker will ever enter a church in Augsburg without shedding tears of joy.

The following song from the Metrical Miscellany, is simple, tender, and pathetic.

" The tears I shed must ever fall,
I mourn not for an absent swain,
For thought may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'
And those they lov'd their steps shall tre
And death shall join to part no mo

Tho' boundless oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.

Even when by death's cold hand remov
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that e'en in death he lov'd
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails;

No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope of wither'd joy ;
The flattering veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does Memory renew
The hours once ting'd in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.

Ev'n time itself despairs to cure
Those pangs to every feeling due ;
Ungenerous youth ! thy boast how poor,
To win a heart—and break it too.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make Suspicion start,
No pause the dire extremes between ;
He made me blest, and broke my heart.

From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn
Neglected, and neglecting all ;
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall !"

A good pun is not amiss. Let me tell you one I met with in some book the other day. The Earl of Leicester, that unworthy favourite of Elizabeth, was forming a park about Cornbury, thinking to inclose it with posts and rails. As he was one day calculating the expence, a gentleman stood by, and told the earl that he did not go the cheapest way to work. "Why ?" said my lord. "Because," replied the gentleman, "if your Lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*."

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

MILITARY HINTS.

As at the approach of Spring, the Militia fervor is at its height, we cannot but view with pleasure any work, the object of which is to improve us in military tactics. The defenceless, as well as critical situation of our common country, renders a work of that nature peculiarly desirable. The Military Hints," by Col. J. A. de la Croix, bating some of its egotism, is a meritorious publication, while it truly unfolds our exposedness, it offers plans, by which it can be covered; it suggests many powerful reasons for a change in our system of warfare, and proves the absolute futility of depending for permanent defence on such Militia, as we at present can command. Our rulers may certainly profit by the suggestions of an experienced officer, even if they do not suddenly enter into all his views.

Cabinet of Polite Literature.

We are happy to observe the second Volume of the "Cabinet of Polite literature," by Russell and Cutler. The first Volume, it will be recollected, contains the best selection of English SONGS extant; and the second may claim a great share of praise for the taste with which the POEMS have been chosen. There is much variety in this little publication, and we hope the course will be still further continued, so long as the chastised judgment of the editors, is so eminently displayed.

PUBLISHED,

By D. Longworth, New York, *Espriella's Letters*, second Edition, in 2 volumes with additional notes, by an American.

By Prior and Dunning, New York, Tardy's Pronouncing Dictionary of the French Language, in French and English, carefully revised by M. Campbell, A. M.

By M. Carey Philadelphia, *A Narrative* of that extraordinary case of *Stockton* vs. *Hopkins*.

By Etheridge and Bliss, Boston, the 5th Volume of Doddridge's Family Expositor, and the 3d Volume of Rollin's Ancient History.

Proposals are issued at Kaleigh for publishing a New Paper, weekly, entitled the STAR, by Calvin Jones and Thomas Henderson Jun.—Price three Dollars a year.

PROPOSALS—For publishing by subscription, a Medical Piece, by the Rev. Dr Samuel K. Jenning, A. M entitled "Married Ladies' Companion, or Poor Man's Friend, &c"—To which will be added an Appendix containing Matrimonial Reflections—*Staunton (Va.)—Lorenzo Dow.*

Proposals are issued by Rufus Allen, for publishing a weekly paper in *St. Albans*, Vermont, to be entitled,

'THE ST. ALBANS ADVERTISER,'

to commence the present month.

POETRY.

SONG.

BY FRANCIS WRANGHAM.

In times so long past though I still am but young
That I scarcely their transports can trace,
Enraptur'd I caught the soft lisp of thy tongue;
And toter'd—for then I but toter'd—Along,
To clasp thee in *childish* embrace.

As we grew up together, each day I beheld,
With feelings unkindled before,
Thy yesterday's beauties by new ones excell'd;
Nor, *boy* as I was, from those beauties withheld
My heart:—Could I offer thee more?
Even now, when the fever of *youth* is gone by,
And I glow with more temperate fire,
Delighted I dwell on thy soul-beaming eye;
And, heaving perhaps still to ardent a sigh,
Survey thee with chasten'd desire.

Oh! come then and give me, dear maiden, thy charms;
For life is, alas! on the wing:
Our summer, ere long, will be fled; in these arms
Let me shield thee, my fair one, from winter's alarms:
Oh! listen to love, while 'tis spring.

THE TEAR.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

How prone the bosom is to sigh!
How prone to weep the human eye!
As thro' this painful life we steer,
This valley of a sigh and tear.

When by the heart with sorrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are receiv'd,
With every comfort that can cheer,
'Tis then bright virtue's *grateful* tear.

When every parting pang is o'er,
And friends long absent meet once more
Fraught with delight and love sincere,
'Tis then sweet Friendship's *joyful* tear.

When two fond lovers doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear,
'Tis then, ah! then, the *parting* tear.

When wretches, on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation find
The end of earthly beings near,
'Tis then soft Pity's *melting* tear.

If on some lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace,
A pearly drop should once appear,
'Tis then the lovely *beauteous* tear.

When mothers—Oh! the grateful sight
—Their children view with fond delight
Surrounded by a charge so dear,
'Tis then the fond *maternal* tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid,
To whom their fondest vows are paid,
With fear and doubting hopes draw near
'Tis then, oh! then, the *trembling* tear.

But, when the wretch with sin oppress'd
Strikes in an agony his breast,
All torn with guilt, remorse and fear,
'Tis then the BEST, the *saving* tear.

The subsequent description from Pratt's poem of the *Cottage Pictures, or the Poor.*

"And hark to yonder agonizing cries
By famine struck the mountain peasantlies;
Spent is his force that us'd the winds to brave,
And dead are half his limbs e'er in the grave,
Able no more to earn their daily bread,
The shiv'ring children cling about his bed;
The rose has wither'd on his daughter's cheek,
Yet the poor father's heart wants force to break;
Languid and faint life lingers in his veins
And what the tongue conceals, the look explains;
The voice exhausted feebly heaves a sigh
And want has dug his cavern in the eye
On childhood's polish'd brow sits wrinkled care,
And in the mother's bosom broods despair."

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By E. G. HOUSE, No. 5, Court Street.

MONTHLY LIST

OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARCH.

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Henry Goodrich, to Bulah Sawyer; Mr. John Peur, of ...bury, to Miss Susan Raymond; Mr. ...illiam Kidder, to Miss Charlotte Augus- Adams; Mr. John Hudson, mer. to Miss ... Crocker; Dr. Amos Windship, to ... Abigail Lawrence; Mr. Jotham ...on, mer. to Miss Eliza C. Whitman; ... George Moore, to Miss Susan Dol- ... Mr. Moses Hadley, jun. to Miss ...ecca Cartwright.

... Gloucester, Mr. Ely Stacey, to Miss ... Hough—in Salem, Mr. Samuel ...m, to Miss Lydia Lane—In Bev- ... Rev. Samuel Dana, of Marblehead, ...s Henrietta Bridge—In Sudbury, ... Silas B. Tarbell, mer. of Boston, ... Mary Adams—In Woburn, Mr. ... S. Judkins, mer. to Miss Eliza C ...ings—In Walpole, Mr. Calvin Stearns, ... of Boston, to Miss Deborah Allen— ...bride, Mr. John Hunt, of this town, ... Syren Foster, of C.—In Salem, Mr. ... Clarke, to Miss Deborah Felt—Mr. ... King, jun. to Miss Lydia Moore.

DIED,

... this town, Miss Lydia Bass, aged 54; ...arah, relict of Mr. Amasa Davis, jun. ...r. Edward Thomas, 18; Mr. Greg- ...Mason 24; Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of ...amuel Gragg, 37; JOSEPH LAUGH- ..., Esq. 62; First Clerk in the State ...sury; in which he has been occupi- ...s a sig...d with much fidelity, between twen- ...e eve... thirty years. He made his dinner ... wrikl...od health; and repaired as usual, to ... Treasury office, where he was seized ...ods d... an apoplexy, and expired immediate- ... Mrs. Rhoda, wife of Mr. Seth Taylor. ... Mrs. Sarah Trask, 41; Mr. Joseph ...ls, 27; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Ben- ... Spear; Mr. John Underwood, 28; Mr. Abraham Townsen, 48; Ezra, son of Mr. Ezra Howard, 5y.; Mrs Frances Bumstead, the amiable consort of Mr John Bumstead, 24; Miss Maria, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Cary; Capt. Isaac Cutter, 46; Luther, son of Mr. Luther Bixby, 7 mo.; Miss Phebe Davis, of Newbury- port; Mr. James Rand; Miss Sarah Bel- knap, 80; Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Ste- phen Gulliver, 32; widow Susanna Hol- man, 73; Capt. Enoch May, jun. 32; Su- sanna, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Gray, Esq. 7 y.—On Rainsford's Island, Mr. Paul Motts, of small-pox. He was landed from sloop President-Packet, from Philadelphia; Mrs. Elizabeth Pierce, 41, formerly of Gloucester; Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late Mr. Elijah Billings, of Sharon, 86—Mr. Jonas Clark, cooper— Mr. Joseph Manning, formerly of Provi- dence, 78—Mr. Henry Vose, 56—Mr. Samuel Jennison, 79.

On board ship Calumet, on her passage from Batavia for Boston, Nov. 17, Mr. Joshua Wilber, aged 31 first officer of said ship, an honest, worthy man; On his pas- sage from Alicant, Capt. Issachar Obear, of brig William, of Salem—In Wil- mington, (N. C.) Capt. Ephraim Sy- monds, 28, of brig Martha, of Salem—In Washington, a lad 9 years old, killed by a Maltee ram belonging to the President. This ram is of a peculiar breed, having four horns; which he thrust into the lad's bowels, and occasioned his death. Since this event, the President has ordered a blinder to be put on the ram's face—In Block Island, (R. I) Col. Ray Sands, 72— In Providence, Mr. John Ayde, 42; Miss Hannah Taylor—In Taunton 24th inst. Capt. Josiah Crocker, 64—In Hampden, (Me.) Capt. Charles Alling, 49—In Port- land, Mr. — Jackson, of Boston, lately from sea—In Salem, Mrs. Bowditch, wife

of Capt. Thomas B.—In W. Cambridge, Miss Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Hill, 89—In England, lately, Mrs. Louthart, 104—Mr. John Berry 100—Admiral Baermaster, 72; he was a Post Captain in 1777—Rev. Wm. Bowness, L.L.D. 53—Earl Hurborough, 41—In London, Major Daniel Dulaney Addison, of the Maryland Loyalists, raised in 1776—In Scotland, the celebrated Dr. Henry Moyes, 57: He was delivering a course of lectures on Natural Philosophy; but being seized with a complaint at the stomach, a short indisposition deprived the world of this learned and truly valuable character—In Charleston, (S. C.) during the month of January, 1808, there were 418 deaths. viz. 47 white persons, 371 persons of color and Africans (of the latter 337)—In Baltimore, Mr. Nicholas Corbally, a native of Ireland, an eminent teacher in this country for upwards of thirty years past—In Westborough, suddenly, Mr. Robert Scott, 83, formerly of Charlestown—In Salem, Widow Hannah Bryne, 45—Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Eben'r Putnam, 30—On the coast of Africa in May last, Capt. Oliver Barber, 38, eighth son of the late Col. Nath'l B.—At sea, from on board brig Washington, Mr Thomas Thomson, of Boston, 34—At Bay of Honduras, 21st Jan. Capt. Elisha Tyler, of Boston. 65—In Charleston, Judge Trezant—In Providence, Mrs. Esther W. Green, wife of Mr. Charles W. G. of N. York, and daughter of Dr. P. Bowen, of Providence; Mr. John Miller, 88—In Portland Mr. Wm. Mc Kenzie, 27—From Jan. 31 to March 1, 5 adults and 3 children—In Newburyport, Dea. Thomas Thompson, 66—In Canton, Mrs. Joan, wife of Mr. John Hill, 73—In Salem, Capt. John Rose Dalling, 30—In Cambridge, Mrs. Susanna H. wife of Mr. Luke Pool, 30—In Roxbury, Mrs. Sarah, widow of Mr. John Fillebrown, 77—At sea, Mr. John Perkins, 2d mate of brig Nabby of Salem—In Canada, Hon. Mr. Alcock, chief justice of the lower province—In Quebec, Dr. Just—In Charleston, (S. C.) 21st Feb. last, Mr. John T. Gilman, jun. mer. of this town, only son of the Hon. Mr. Gilman late Governor of the State of N. Hampshire—In Paris, (N. Y.) Rev. Samuel Kirkland, 68—In Portland, Miss Thankful Berry, 82—In Salem, Miss Sally Pope, 27—In Dorchester, Miss Charlotte Cox, 15—In Roxbury, Mr. James Mears, 49—In Liverpool, Eng. 9th Jan. Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Mr. John Timmons, formerly mer. of this town—In Dorchester, Mr. James Robinson, 75—In Eng. Lord Trafalgar, 20; nephew of the late Lord Nelson, and only male issue of the present Peer: It is probable the title and estates will descend to the eldest son of Mr. Bolton, who married a sister of the deceased hero.—Also in Eng. Lords Elcho, and Penryn—In Kingston. (Eng.) Mr. John Hall, adding one to the catalogue of suicides, originating in this case from the want of employment, after returning from an active life: He had suddenly left off business, after acquiring considerable property, entirely by his own industry; but from that time despondency and the blue devils seized and daily gained upon him; until at length he escaped from the tedious sameness of idleness, by cutting his throat—Captain Daniel Ropes, of Salem, (Ms.)—In Germany, the reigning Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwein, (Princess of Saxe Gotha) 51—In Mount-Vernon, Widow Hannah Wilkins Washer, 89, a native of Middleton, (Ms.)—In Salem, Widow Mary Rea, 51—Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Joseph Turrell, 35—Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Ivory Tufts, 34—In Abington, 12th inst. greatly lamented, Col. Aaron Hobart, 79: He represented his native town for 14 years successively in the legislature of Massachusetts—In Rome, Nov. 7, the celebreted artist, Angelica Kauffman, 67, for many years a resident in England: In Rome, where the love of the arts is the sole sentiment that has survived the wreck of its glory, the death of this person caused an universal sensation: Her funeral was performed with great solemnity: Above 100 ecclesiasticks, in the habits of their several orders, and the members of all the literary societies at Rome, walked in procession: The pall was supported by young ladies, dressed in white and immediately after the corpse some of Angelica's best pictures were displayed, borne upon the shoulders of the mourners—In Canton, (E. I.) about 14th Nov. Mr. Thomas Bancroft, of Salem, (Ms.) much lamented—On his passage from Batavia, Mr. Hezekiah Welch Adams, a native of Mendon, (Ms.)—At sea, Mr. Lemuel Crane, of Danvers, (Ms.) 18.

In Gambia (Africa) Capt. John Vincent, 24, late master of the brig Leander—In Halifax, (N. S) 18th of February, Hon. Benning Wentworth, Esq. Secretary of that province, formerly of this town—In

Joppa, (Mary.) Hon. Benj. Rumsey, one of the Judges of the High Court of Appeals—At his seat in Greenland, near Portsmouth, (N. H.) John Meader, Esq. 71; a gentleman of probity, and a valuable citizen; he was well known in London for a number of years, where he transacted business principally for the Nantucket whale-ships; his only daughter, (Mrs. Agnes Major, wife of Capt. M. in the British service) now resides in London, (Eng.)—In Salem, (N. H. Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Nath l Johnson, 26—In Salem, Mr. Joseph Glover, 41—In Bakersfield, (Vt.) in 1807, 2 deaths and 33 births—In Newburyport, Enoch Sawyer, Esq. 40—In Beverly, widow Woodbury, 92—In Danvers, Mr. Wm Goldthwait, 71—In Salem, widow Abigail Baldwin, 65; by using flour in which arsenic had been mixed to destroy rats—In Bridgewater, Dr. Josiah Otis, 59.

IN ENGLAND.

At Pleasington, near Blacburn, Mr. Joseph Gerard He had supped wi h his family on muscles the night preceding his death, and retired to bed apparently well; he awoke about four o'clock in the morning, in the greatest agony, and was a corpse by five. An inquest was held on the occasion the following day, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of this catastrophe; when the attending surgeon gave his deposition to the jury, that his death was owing to the muscles he had eaten the night before. This testimony was corroberated by every attending witness, and also by the symptoms which usually accompany those who are what they call *muscle stung* It is well known what disagreeable effects frequently attend the eating of this species of fish; and what is singular, this disorder operates on some individuals oftener than others, owing to an idiocracy of constitution. Let those persons, therefore, who are thus affected, abstain from sleep till the symptoms subside, for it is probable that the noxious effects produced by the fish, act with much greater force on the system during the time of sleep than when awake. The most efficacious remedy for the removal of this troublesome disease, is an emetic, early administered.

At Norwich, aged 36, Mrs Mary Mack, who lived several years in the service of the late W. Tilyard, esq. of Poringland; during which time she constantly travelled 2,920 miles annually, which, in ten years, amounted to 29 220 miles, the house being full four miles from Norwich, and her master, who, it was well known, was a remarkably eccentric character, never failed sending her every day (Sunday not excepted) for such things as his whimsical and capricious fancy suggested he stood in need of

At Blyton, near Gainsboro Mrs. Winn, wife of Mr. W. 38. It is remarkable that she had 14 children, and not one of them lived to be a day old, except the last, which is now about two months old, and likely to do well.

Lately, at Newmarket, county of Clare Ireland, in the 96th year of his age, Michael Farrel, the well known monarch of the mendicants of Munster, over whom he reigned for 70 years, with mildness, justice, and moderation. He oftener dispensed bounty to, than exacted tribute from his subjects; and, in the course of his long reign, was never accessory to the death of one human being. Hackball, the renowned King of the Beggars in Dublin, sported a vihicle, which removed his august body from place to place, by one of the tribe of Balaam's Counsellors, yelept a jack ass; but King Farrel disdained any assistance of this kind, and made use of what nature furnished him with to bear him about viz a stout pair of legs. He, however, had for his support a long quarter-staff, which he occasionally used for his protection, having no body guards; this staff was adorned towards the head, with brass nails, &c. which gave it very much the appearance of a sceptre.—He did not wear an imperial crown, like that of Bonaparte, nor any such frippery gewgaws as that Kingmaker has decorated the noddles of his servile tribe with, but a hat resembling that of a cardinal in shape; in size indeed it was large enough for the aforesaid Ruler of France, with the four Kings of his kindred to take shelter from a shower of rain, and his great coat would have covered a tent for them: it is, therefore, evident that our royal hero was of a large stature, which is certainly the case; he was also well made, had a majestic deportment, with a very intelligent and benign countenance

On Sunday night, the 17th inst. of a typhus fever, Lord Trafalgar, about 20 years of age. He was a youth of much promise, and the only son of Earl Nelson

—By his death, It is probable that the title, so gloriously acquired by the immortal Nelson' will go into the female line. The two sisters, Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Matcham, have each a numerous family; and failing issue male of the present lord, the next in remainder is Thomas Bolton, a minor.

Sir Philip Anstruther, of Anstruther. Bart. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his brother, the Right Hon. Sir John Anstruther, now of Ansrtuther, Bael. late Chief Justice of Bengal.

At Southampton, Mr. Thomas Collins, 63, proprietor and manager of the theatres, of Southampton, Portsmouth, Winchester, and Chichester. He was the father of Mr. B. Collins, (late of Drury-lane theatre, and had conducted most of the above theatres more than thirty-eight years, with the greatest credit and respect. In him the theatrical world have lost a friend; he was kind and humane to his performers, having supported many of them under long illness; and in his dealings, he was crupulously honest. He has left a widow and two children, Mr. S. Collins, and Mrs. Kelly, wife of the present acting manager, and mother of the young lady whose vocal talents have so frequently been the subject of public panegyric.

In Spring-gardens. *Henry Vaughn-Brooke, Esq*, 36, representative in the Irish house of Commons, for the county of Donegal, and member in the British parliament for the same county, for which he was elected in the year 1806.

Henry Barker, esq, aged 72, for fifty years past, one of the sworn clerks of the court of chancery, and in very extensive practice, from which he had just retired, and by which he had acquired, and has left an immense fortune.

In Upper Grovesner-street, aged 84, *James Gordon, Esq.* He was appointed first chief-justice of the islands ceded by France at the peace 1763, and filled that situation for several years.

At Oxford, the Rev. Nathaniel Witherall, D D. 81. He was elected master of University College in 1764.——The Rev. Henry Richards, D. D. rector of Exeter College, and Vice-chancellor of the University, 60.

Captain Thomas Morris, aged 75, It has been said that he was the best man, the best soldier, and the best poet of the age in which he lived. He had retired from the army many years, prefering to bury his sword under the wreaths of literary glory.

At her house in Brompton-row, Knightsbridge, *Mrs. Stephanoff*. She was by birth a German, and displayed considerable taste and talent in painting flowers, in which she occasionally instructed a few young ladies in that vicinity. Her husband was a Russian painter of some celebrity, and died about eleven or twelve years ago. By him she had two sons, both of whom are students of the Royal Academy, and though very young have exhibited at the British Gallery several specimens of their abilities in painting historical pictures which give every promise of future excellence in the art.

At Bridgeford, near Stafford, Mr. Matthew Talbot, of the White Hart, 46. Sometime previous to his death he was seized with a lethargic complaint, commonly called a trance, in which he continued for several days, as in a profound sleep. He then awoke for a short time in a most impatient state of hunger. Having satisfied the cravings of nature, he again gradually fell into the same drowsy and insensible state, from which nothing could raise him. In this fit of lethargy he continued for a whole week, when he awoke only to meet the sleep of death.

At Windsor, —— *Cope, esq.* second cook to his Majesty, a person who deserves to be recorded in the annals of litrature, as well as in those of cookery, for having highly contributed to the perfection of the immortal epic of the Lousiad. A poem which cannot fail to be admired as long as the language in which it is written, is fully understood. Mr. Cope strongly suspected of having afforded the poet every information of the travels and actions of the litttle hero of that piece, underwent a formal examination, and not being wholly acquitted of the charge, he suffered for several years in his culenary preferment, before he attained the situation of second cook. As his prospects at court have finally closed, the poet has not hesitated to acknowledge the source which gave birth to that unrivalled production.

At Hull, Mr. Welch, second mate of the American ship Cato, 36.